THE PORT FOLIO,

(NEW SERIES)

BY OLIVER OLDSCHOOL, ESQ.

Various;—that the mind
Of desultory man, studious of change,
And pleas'd with novelty, may be indulg'd.
COWPER.

Vol. IV.] *Philadelphia, Saturday, July* 25, 1807. [No. 4.

ORIGINAL PAPERS.

MISCELLANY.

For The Port Folio.

LETTER

From Ranieri de' Calsibigi to Victorio di Alfieri da Asti, on his first four Tragedies of Philip, Polinice, Antigone, and Virginia.

Envy will merit as its shade pursue,
But like a shadow proves the substance true.
Pope's Essay on Criticism.

I KNOW not, esteemed Count, whether I ought to congratulate myself most with you, or with our Italy, on the four beautiful Tragedies which you have at last given to the press, leaving us farther, as you have already announced by the first volume, which you have deigned to send me, the flattering hope of seeing others ushered into light.

For us, Italians, hitherto so shamefully deficient in tragick composition you have indeed amassed a treasure; you have gathered it even for the English, almost as sterile as ourselves, if we except some sublime passages of the celebrated Shakspeare; it might be useful to even the French, who, did they at present want Crebillon and Voltaire, also are fallen into a low condition, whence probably they will not quickly rise again. If I dare assert it, revered friend,

Dixisti insigne, recens et adhuc
Indictum ore alio.

How many will hereafter provide themselves from you, with new and theatrick situations, with characters delineated to the life, by a bold and fiery pencil; and with expressions vigorous, energetick, laconick? How many will spin out one thought alone of yours to entire periods, and even to entire scenes? You teach us

Magnumque loqui nitique Cothurno;

Strip our tragick Muse of the rags with which, until now, she has been shamefully decked out; console us for our dramatick misery, and present us with a rich and decorous mantle, which may show us not inferiour to that nation, which has, with justice, until this day, regarded us with the eye of compassion, or of merited derision.

Could any one, esteemed friend, endowed with tranquil patience, compel himself to read the few tragedies we have, which, separated from an immense number of distorted sisters, are, nevertheless, printed with the pompous title of selected, and announced as models; if, doing violence to himself, he would dare to run over them from the beginning to the end: would he in truth find any thing to compensate his trouble? Plots confused, complicated, perplexed, impro-

bable; and arrangement of acting ill understood; useless personages; duplicity of action; improper characters; conceits either gigantick or puerile; languid verse; overstrained phrases; poetry without harmony and without nature; and the whole still further adorned with descriptions and comparisons misplaced, with idle tatters of philosophy and politicks; besprinkled with tiresome love scenes, with words full of effeminacy, and trivial tenderness, Of tragick force, of the whirl of the passions, of those theatrick revolutions which astonish, there is not even a trace; thatwhich

Pectus inaniter angit,
Irritat, mulcet, falsis terroribus implet,

is sought in vain; that which interests, overpowers, rivets and enchants,

Delectando, pariterque monendo,

is no where to be found: the whole is reduced to a concatenation of often foolish verses, in which

Acer spiritus ac vis,
Nec verbis, nec rebus in est.

Here then, Signior Count, (perhaps with a little ill humour, but yet with truth) is a free description of what we have hitherto denominated Tragedy. The greatest merit we can give it, is its being composed according to the rules prescribed by Aristotle; for Tressino having given this model in his Sofonisba, no one has dared to depart from it.

But why, it may be asked, have we shut ourselves into these limits, so distant from tragick perfection? Why has no one among us, (when otherwise at every step we meet with poets, at least who are called such) to this day, produced a Tragedy which can be confronted with those of the Greeks, or at least with those of the French that are admired? Why, almost despairing to rival them, have we returned to that kind of musical drama, which, ridiculous as it was in the last age, has yet been rendered more supportable by Zeno, and perfected by Metastasio; leaving in the possession of our neighbours, the buskin and the tragick laurel, without a last effort to dispute it with them? I will answer separately these questions, figuring to myself that I have found their solution.

After the Sofonisba of Tressino abovementioned, which was first represented in Rome; after some other Tragedies (our first tragick throes) represented in Florence and Ferrara; it is true, there were not wanting poets to write new ones, and to obtain their performance on the stage.

But at this time, what was our stage? In some few cases belonging to the court, but mostly erected by noblemen either in their palaces or their villas. In these temporary scenes demanded by the prince from the courtiers, or from the voluntary association of gentlemen and ladies, acquaintances, those Tragedies which were chosen, were once, or a few times oftener, recited in private. Thus Italy, never possessing a permanent Theatre nor actors by profession these exhibitions could with propriety be only called transitory attempts, and of little or no profit to the art.

It was yet worse when the troops of strolling players, who, alone, have always lorded it on the Italian boards, became possessed of those more or less imperfect Tragedies made common through the press. It is notorious of what species of foolish and miserable buffoons these vagabond bands have mostly been composed. It is known to every one, that the greater part of these barbarous actors, drawn from the uncultivated and least learned part of the common people, are mostly natives of provinces, in which our language is neither spoken nor pronounced in its purity; who, yet stammering out a Tragedy, produce in the audience that repugnant sensation which the Tragedies of even Racine or Voltaire would call forth at Paris, were they recited by actors in the provincial jargons of Gascony or Picardy. We all know to what ridiculous, ungraceful, disgusting, and often deformed women, the sublime parts of Phedra, of Andromache, of Semiramis, of Zaire, have been gene-

rally allotted, as it were in plunder; to lacerate them in the bastard language of Bologna, of Lombardy, or of Genoa, and to recite and gesticulate them without sense or grace, as they would be done by the idle women of the publick squares; and in such guise, the absolute deficiency of a noble, a lasting, and a decent Theatre, and that yet more important want of capable actors, have deterred our poets from applying themselves to the composition of true Tragedy; our publick from assembling at the Theatre in crowds of studious and distinguished characters; and the whole of us from attaching to it importance, and making it an object of national glory.

Further, Italy divided into so many small states, never had a great and central point, where to create a general and lively spur to Italian ambition. The Roman, the Lombard, the Tuscan, the Piedmontese, the Venetian, the Neapolitan, regarded each other as separate in interests, and as enemies or at least rivals in the Sciences and Fine Arts. So were they in Painting: the different schools hooted at each other, tore each other to pieces; the Roman painter sought to depreciate that of Bologna, the latter those of Florence, and these in their turn the Venetian and Neapolitan. Each established a separate sect, to the general detriment of the nation.

The same precisely fell out with Poetry. There remain in proof of the feeble criticisms of the foolish Infarinati on the divine poem of Tasso. The trifling books of those gentlemen of the veil, (who may well be called Mountebanks) would fill a library. They all endeavoured to prove, under the banner of Signor Lionardo, not Leonardo Salviati, (for greater pretended elegance of language) that the *Jerusalem Delivered* was a heap of tiresome absurdity. They drove the too irritable authour to madness, discomposed and saddened as he then was by unsuccessful passion, they seduced the miserable praters who envied the laurel of the sublime crown obtained by Tasso; like troublesome and noxious insects, they had but a short existence, and sunk into merited oblivion.

Yet from that pedantick genius did the ridiculous parallels between the *Orlando Furioso* and *Jerusalem Delivered*, take their rise; ridiculous, because they confronted the *Iliad* with the *Arabian Knights;* the *Æneid* with the *Romance of the Paladins of France.* Thence arose the puerile predilection for speaking and writing in the style of Petrarch, and the senseless pretension of judging the already adult language of the seventeenth century, by the grammar of the fourteenth, scarcely risen from its cradle.

The Italians, separated, as I have observed, by interest and ambition, in Science and Belles Lettres; and (taking each part of Italy by itself) not sufficiently influential to establish and continue through the year a national tragick Theatre; they continued, it is true, to write Tragedies from time to time, but always on the model of the first; they also printed them, but could never expose them to the publick on the stage, the most essential situation to observe their effect. And could a Tragedy thus composed at hazard, be ever any thing without the practice of tragick effect? The poet, left to divine it, finds himself involved in that doubt wherein a painter or sculptor would be, from whom a large painting or a group of statues was required, without knowing whether it was destined to be placed on the ground, in a gallery, in a square, or as the frontispiece of a triumphal arch or temple. Thus deprived of the observation of that which might make the greatest impression on the mind of the spectator, interest or astonish him; the poet will still compose a Tragedy according to the rules prescribed, and even in cultivated style; but he will probably come forth without life, languid, weak, cold, and tedious.

Nor can this indispensable tragick effect be acquired without frequenting and studying the Theatre, without a foresight premeditatedly made of all the other combinations necessary in the dramatick art. This experience

wanting, (and it can be attained though possessed of foreign languages, without difficulty, if the Theatres of other nations best provided with actors, cannot be seen nor studied with just and critical discernment) no great progress can be made in this noble part of poetry. That genius is rare, that, almost inspired, forms of itself and soars beyond obscurity; and, that, unassisted, cannot at once bring the art to perfection, but only open the road to others. Corneille, to whom Mairet, Rotrou, and other imperfect tragick writers served as guides, formed Racine: they two formed Voltaire and Crebillon. Thus among the Greeks, Sophocles was formed from Eschylus, and from him Euripides, but with the guidance of a permanent Theatre. Destitute of the practice of stage effect, a poet can strike no blow in his Tragedies, except what may be momentary in some scenes derived from his heated enthusiasm; or in some bursting forth of tender passion, which sometimes insinuates itself into the mind with greater facility, moving, and agitating it.

(*To be continued.*)

For The Port Folio.

The lover either of song or sentiment, doubtless, remembers the spirited and pathetick ballad of Campbell,

Alone on the banks of the dark rolling Danube.

Walter Scott, Esquire, a genuine bard of Caledonia, who has immortalized himself by "The Lay of the Last Minstrel," and by certain original and translated ballads of uncommon beauty, has, in the following stanzas, caught the cadence of Campbell and displayed the noblest affections of the heart and many of the highest powers of poesy. Perhaps, with the exception of a passage in Goldsmith, the fidelity of the canine race was never more feelingly described. I compassionate the insensibility of that vulgar mortal, blind to nature, dead to feeling, and deaf to poetry, who can peruse the third stanza without keen sensations.

HELLVELLYN.

THE ARGUMENT.

In the spring of 1805, a young gentleman of talents and of a most amiable disposition, perished by losing his way on the mountain Hellvellyn. His remains were not discovered till three months afterwards, when they were found guarded by a faithful terrier bitch, his constant attendant during frequent solitary rambles through the wilds of Cumberland and Westmoreland.

I climb'd the dark brow of the mighty Hellvellyn,
Lakes and mountains beneath me gleam'd misty and wide;
All was still, save, by fits, when the eagle was yelling,
And starting around me the echoes replied.
On the right, Striden edge round the red Tarn was bending,
And Catchedicam its left verge was defending,
One huge nameless rock in the front was ascending,
When I mark'd the sad spot, where the wanderer had died!

Dark green was that spot mid the brown mountain heather,
Where the pilgrim of nature lay stretch'd in decay,
Like the corpse of an outcast, abandoned to weather,
Till the mountain winds wasted the tenantless clay.
Nor yet quite deserted, though lonely extended,
For, faithful in death, his mute favourite attended,
The much-lov'd remains of her master defended,
And chased the hill-fox and the raven away.

How long didst thou think that his silence was slumber;
When the wind waved his garment, how oft didst thou start;
How many long days and long weeks didst thou number,
Ere he faded before thee, the friend of thy heart?
And, oh! was it meet that—no *requiem read o'er him*,
No mother to weep, and no friend to deplore him,
And thou, little guardian, alone stretch'd before him,
Unhonoured the pilgrim from life should depart?

When a prince to the fate of a peasant has yielded,
The tapestry waves dark round the dim-lighted hall;
With scutcheons of silver the coffin is shielded,
And pages stand mute by the canopied pall:
Through the courts, at dim midnight, the torches are gleaming;
In the proudly arch'd chapel the banners are beaming,
Far adown the long aisle sacred musick is streaming
Lamenting a chief of the people should fall.

But meeter for thee, gentle lover of nature,
To lay down thy head, like the meek mountain lamb,
When, wildered, he drops from some cliff huge in stature,
And draws his last breath by the side of his dam.
And more stately thy couch, by this desert lake lying,
Thy obsequies sung by the grey plover flying,
With one faithful friend but to witness thy dying,
In the arms of Hellvellyn and Catchedicam.

For The Port Folio.

CRITICISM.

John Gilbert Cooper, Esq.

John Gilbert Cooper, Esquire, who has been honoured with the title of *The English Anacreon*, was the son of Gilbert Cooper, Esq. of Thugarton Priory, in Northamptonshire, and was born in 1723. The family estate which he inherited was granted at the dissolution of the religious houses by Henry VIII, to William Cooper, one of his ancestors. He received his education at Westminster School, and in 1743, became a fellow commoner of Trinity College, Cambridge, where he resided two or three years, at the end of which he married Susanna, daughter of William Wright, Esq. son of the lord keeper Wright, and some time recorder of Leicester, and settled at his family seat. In the year 1763, he served the office of high sheriff of the county of Nottingham, as his father had done in 1749. He was in the commission of the peace, and about this time constantly attended and frequently spoke at the meetings of the Society for the encouragement of Arts, Manufactures, and Commerce, and was for a short time one of the Committee of Polite Arts. It was an ambition with him to be chosen a vice president of that most respectable and useful society, but, not being elected, his dissatisfaction induced him to discontinue his attendance. He died at his father's house, in Mayfair, London, after a long and excruciating illness, arising from the stone, April 14th, 1769, in the forty-sixth year of his age.

Mr. Cooper was a man of an agreeable appearance, polite address, and elegant manners; an active and useful magistrate; and a genteel and ingenious writer. He has left compositions both in prose and verse, of which the following is a catalogue:

1. The Life of Socrates, collected from the Memorabilia of Xenophon and the Dialogues of Plato, and illustrated further Aristotle, Diodorus Siculus, Cicero, Proclus, Apuleius, Maximus Tyrius, Boethius, Diogenes, Laertius, Aulus Gellius, and others. 1745.

2. The Power of Harmony, a poem, in two books.

3. Cursory Remarks on Mr. Warburton's new edition of Pope's Works, in a letter to a friend. 1751.

4. Letters on Taste. 1754.

5. The Tomb of Shakspeare, a Vision. 1755.

6. The Genius of Great Britain. 1756.

7. Epistles to the Great, from Aristippus in Retirement. 1758.

8. The Call of Aristippus, Epistle, &c. to Mark Akenside, M. D. 1758.

9. A Father's Advice to his Son.

10. Ver-Vert, or the Nunnery Parrot, an heroick poem, in two cantos, inscribed to the Abbess of D——. Translated from the French of M. Gresset.

Besides the above, he wrote several fugitive pieces; among which are essays and poems under the signature of Philalethes, in Dodsley's Museum; a few of the numbers of The

World, and a Translation of the King of Prussia's Epistle to Voltaire, which last was printed in the Annual Register for 1758.

In reviewing his Letters on Taste, a small volume which appears to contribute more peculiarly to his reputation, Dr. Johnson has drawn a picture of his powers: "Mr. Cooper's genius appears to shine more in description than in definition; he has more of imagery than of speculation; his imagination is the strongest talent of his mind; and if he have not attempted to offer any thing new on the subject of Taste, he is always so entertaining, spirited, and splendid in his diction, that the reader who is not instructed by him cannot fail of being pleased and diverted."

The Power of Harmony is the poem which demands our first attention, both on account of its earlier date of publication, and superiour pretensions to fame; but its merit is far from considerable. It is more satisfactory to read *The Design*, than the poem: It is observable that whatever is true, just, and harmonious, whether in nature or morals, gives an instantaneous pleasure to the mind, exclusive of reflection. For the Great Creator of all things, infinitely wise and good, ordained a perpetual agreement between the faculties of moral perfection, the powers of fancy, and the organs of bodily sensation, when they are free and undistempered. Hence is deducible the most comfortable as well as the most true philosophy that ever adorned the world; namely, a constant admiration of the beauty of the creation, terminating in the adoration of the First Cause, which naturally leads mankind cheerfully to cooperate with his grand design for the promotion of universal happiness.

"Hence our authour was led to draw that analogy between natural and moral beauty; since the same faculties which render us susceptible of pleasure from the perfection of the creation, and the excellence of the Arts, afford us delight in the contemplation of dignity and justice in characters and manners. For what is virtue but a just regulation of our affections and appetites, to make them correspond to the peace and welfare of society? so that good and beauty are inseparable.

"From this true relish of the soul, this harmonious association of ideas, the ancient philosophers, and their disciples among the moderns, have enlivened their imaginations and writings in this amicable intercourse of adding moral epithets to natural objects, and illustrating their observations upon the conduct of life by metaphors drawn from the external scenes of the world: So we know, that by a beautiful action, a consonant behaviour, is meant the generous resignation of private advantage by some individual, to submit and adapt his single being to the whole community or some part of it. And, in like manner, when we read of a solemn grave, where horrour and melancholy reign, we entertain an idea of a place that creates such thoughts in the mind, by reason of its solitary situation, want of light, or any other circumstance analogous to those dispositions, so termed in human nature."

This then is the design of the poem, To show that a constant attention to what is perfect and beautiful in nature will by degrees harmonize the soul to responsive regularity and sympathetick order.

The same feebleness of touch which is manifest in the conception and language of this sketch, prevails throughout the poem, where, however, it is still more offensive. It is a very indifferent imitation of a great original, *The Pleasures of Imagination*. Its most poetical passage occurs in the description of the influence of painting, of which it is the poet's object to show, that, in common with the other Arts, it may be made subservient to the cause of virtue or to that of vice:

Is love the object of thy glowing thoughts?
Or dreamst thou of a bliss exceeding far
Elysian pleasures. Wouldst thou taste again
The heart-enfeebling transports, when the soul,
Big with celestial triumph, through the vales
Of am'rous fancy led the sportive hours,
To soft Idalian airs, whilst wanton loves

Strew'd round the roses of eternal bloom,
And fann'd the sultry breeze with golden plumes?
See, where beneath a myrtle bow'r reclin'd,
Which on the canvas casts its cooling shade,
Encircled in each other's arms, yon beauteous pair
In dulcet dalliance lie; the rigid frown
Of care ne'er low'rs, but ever cheerful smiles
Effuse, like vernal suns, their genial beams,
To warm their mutual hearts; whilst rapt'rous sighs
Sweeter than aromatick winds which blow
O'er spicy groves in intermingled gales,
Are wafted to th' impending queen of love.

But, burns thy heart with more refin'd delight?
And wouldst thou through the faithful colours view
Calm Chastity and Justice blend their charms
Like gleams from op'ning heav'n? Yon radiant throne
Presents great Cyrus, as the Magi fam'd
The snowy-vested Mythras, from the east
Descending, in effulgent rays of light,
To guide the virtuous to th' ethereal plains
Where joy forever dwells. Before him stands
A trembling captive, with dejected looks,
As conscious of her form: upon her cheeks
The rose of beauty fades, with paler hue
The lily sickens, and each flow'r declines
Its drooping head. But see! how he revives,
With unexpected hopes her tortur'd breast,
And Joy's soft blush appears! So the blest wings
Of western zephyrs, o'er the Arabian coast
Sprinkle their heavenly dew; the wither'd Plants
Incline their sun-parch'd bosoms to imbibe
The renovating moisture, till anon
The pristine bloom, through vegitative pores
Returning, smiles in ev'ry flow'ry vale,
And decks the neighb'ring hills with verdant pride.

In this passage, besides a general languor, in spite of the ornamental diction, we may observe the unclassical expression of *WESTERN zephyrs*, and the poverty of invention which suffers a repetition of the same simile within so short a number of lines. But to do the utmost justice to the authour, let us make an extract from his second book:

The fields and woods, and silver-winding streams,
Ye lilied vallies and resounding rocks,
Where faithful echo dwells; ye mansions blest
Where Nature reigns throughout the wide expanse,
In majesty serene of op'ning heav'n;
Or, humbler seated, in the blushing rose;
The virgin vi'let, or the creeping moss,
Or winding round the mouldering ruin's top,
With no unpleasing horrour sits array'd,
In venerable ivy: hail, thrice hail,
Ye solitary seats! where wisdom seeks
Beauty and good, th' inseparable pair,
Sweet offspring of the sky, those emblems fair
Of the Celestial Cause, whose tuneful word
From discord and from chaos rais'd this globe,
And all the wide effulgence of the day.
From Him begins this beam of gay delight,
When aught harmonious strikes th' attentive mind;
In Him shall end: for He attun'd the frame
Of passive organs with internal sense,
To feel an instantaneous glow of joy,
When Beauty, from her native seat of heav'n,
Cloth'd in ethereal mildness, on our plains
Descends, e'er Reason, with her tardy eye,
Can view the form divine; and through the world
The heav'nly boon to every being flows.
Why, when the genial Spring, with chaplet's crown'd,
Of daisies, pinks, and vi'lets wakes the Morn
With placid whispers, do the turtles coo,
And call their consorts from the neighb'ring groves
With softer musick? Why exalts the lark
His matin warbling with redoubled lays?
Why stands th' admiring herds with joyful gaze
Facing the dawn of day, or frisking bound
O'er the soft surface of the verdant meads
With unaccustom'd transport? 'Tis the ray
Of beauty, beaming its benignant warmth
Through all the brute creation! hence arise
Spontaneous off'rings of unfeigned love
In silent praises. And shall man alone,
Shall man with blind ingratitude neglect
His Maker's bounty? Shall the lap of Sloth
With soft insensibility, compose
His useless soul, whilst unregarded blooms
The renovated lustre of the world?

See! how eternal Hebe onward leads
The blushing Morn, and o'er the smiling globe,
With Flora join'd, flies gladsome to the bow'r:
Where, with the Graces, and Idalian Loves,
Her sister, Beauty, dwells. The glades expand
The blossom'd fragrance of their new-blown pride
With gay profusion: and the flow'ry lawns
Breathe forth ambrosial odours; whilst, behind,

The Muse, in never-dying hymns of praise
Pursues the triumph, and responsive airs,
Symphonious, warble through the vocal groves,
Till playful Echo, in each hill and dale
Joins the glad chorus, and improves the lay.

It were endless to point out all the defects observable in these verses; and yet, upon the whole, they possess a share of beauty. *Celestial Cause*, is not very happy; but, *eternal Hebe*, resembling Milton's *universal Pan*, is a pleasing image. The whole passage displays no great portion of taste. Groves, lays, echo, flowers, warble, warbling, and all the words that have a hold upon the fancy, are heaped together. We have *Echo* and the *Morn* twice over. *Blushing morn*, *brute creation*, are tamely employed; and *beauty clothed in ethereal mildness*, and *pursue the triumph*, are mean and injudicious transcriptions. In concluding the second paragraph, the poet draws an inference truly common place, when his argument requires, and his examples inculcate, a valuable and less obvious truth. He means, or ought to mean, that if the sight of physical beauty fill the brutes with emotion, if it in reality ennoble their character, it is reasonable to suppose it capable of producing similar and more than equal effects upon man.

(*To be continued.*)

For The Port Folio.

We are not *too* partial to sonnets. Of Milton's we relish but few, and more than one third of Petrarch's are more tiresome to us than an August afternoon. Even Bowles himself is sometimes drawling, and as for Capel Loft his sonnets are satires upon the muse. In this walk of poetical composition, however mazy and difficult in the opinion of some, or dull and sterile in the estimation of others, there occasionally appears a brilliant flower, like the rose of Damascus. A better proof can scarcely be found than in the following, which we have culled from the garden of Charlotte Smith.

If on some balmy breathing night of spring,
The happy child, to whom the world is new,
Pursues the evening moth with mealy wing,
Or from the heath flower beats the sparkling dew,
He sees before his *inexperienced* eyes
The brilliant glow worm, like a meteor shine
On the turf bank; amazed and pleased, he cries,
"Star of the dewy grass I make thee mine!"
Then ere he sleeps, collects the moistened flower,
And bids soft leaves his glittering prize infold,
And dreams that *fairy lamps illume his bower*,
Yet, with the morning, *shudders* to behold
His lucid treasure *rayless as the dust.*
So turn the world's bright joys to cold and blank disgust.

HOURS OF LEISURE,

Or Essays, in the manner of Goldsmith.

(*Continued from page* 37.)

Truth is always consistent with itself, and needs nothing to help it out. It is always near at hand, and sits upon our lips, and is ready to drop out before we are aware; whereas a lie is troublesome, and sets a man's invention upon the rack, and one trick needs a great many more to make it good.

Arch. Tillotson.

The being distinguished by the title of a Man of the World, differs very much from a truly wise man. The first has a general extensive knowledge, it is true; but the acquirement is but a dangerous experience, since he selects only, from the observations that he makes, a poison which he spreads among his fellow-creatures wherever he goes, and of which he sips largely himself whenever he presents the cup to others. Such a man, to obtain the advantages of fortune, abandons every noble sentiment of his youth, and treats as romantick every pure principle of virtue; like the intriguing Statesman, he studies all the maxims of crooked policy, and maintains that it is necessary to his success in life, that he should cheat and deceive his neighbours; the arts of flattery, hypocrisy, and dissimulation, constitute his stock in trade; and he builds his future hopes in proportion to the extent of his capital.

The experience of a truly wise man, on the other hand, is a talisman,

or magick ring, which preserves him from the enchantments of Errour and Temptation, but is never used to impose upon others: he is "wise as a serpent, and harmless as a dove."

Were it easy to detect the man of the world, his power of doing mischief would be at an end; but, as he constantly wears the vizor best suited to his purpose, he still passes in the crowd, with other dominos, in the great masquerade of life.

It is, indeed, extremely difficult to discover the true sentiments and character of a man of the world: the lines of his face, blended and moulded to every circumstance and occasion, placid under vexation, and wearing even a smile under contempt or reproof, disturb the rules of physiognomy; modest, complacent, apparently ingenuous, and unstudied in every thing; flattering with the language of sincerity, and deceiving with all the eloquence of truth.

How much more difficult it is to guard against the insidious views of the man of the world, when we meet him possessed of the advantage of figure, education, and of all the agreeable accomplishments of a gentleman! Such a man is a first-rate actor in life; he is well acquainted with the stage, and makes his appearance accordingly; he *studies* the part; he even *dresses* for the scene, and is an adept at what is called *by-play;* he needs no prompter, but makes his *debut* with confidence of success: but he always appears to play second to the man he would deceive; he approaches him with courtesy; he listens to him with polite attention: he submits to his judgment with deference; and, conscious of his own powers, flatters, proposes, suggests, and flatters again and again, till he gains his point: Such a man misses no opportunity that he thinks he can improve; he turns the most trifling incident to advantage, and is constantly upon the look-out for something that may tend to *his* particular interest; he views every man as valuable to him, and the moment he is introduced to a stranger, makes it his whole study to consider how he may *make use* of him; he never quarrels with any one, because he says they may be wanted some day or other; and is always ready and willing, as it is vulgarly said, to hold a candle to the devil, or if a candle will not do, to hold a flambeau.

Mr. Plausible was a man of the most winning address, of a handsome figure, easy manners, a great deal of wit, and a thorough knowledge of life; but he was dissipated, extravagant, fond of play, and a courtier. Happening to pay a visit one morning to my friend Mr. Plausible, I was shown into his study; when, taking up an old masquerade ticket, I accidentally observed my own name among some memorandums on the back of it; which naturally enough excited my curiosity to read the contents: they were as follow, and pretty well express the sentiments of a man of the world:

Mem.—*My Wife*—keep her in the country—a bit of a scold.

Mem.—*My Grandmother*—5 per cent. annuities—aged 87—what's the odds for next winter?

Mem.—*Mr. Deputy Mushroom*—gives good dinners—at five precisely.

Mem.—*Jack Ready*—merchant—good natured fellow—do occasionally to discount a bill, or borrow cash—call pretty often.

Mem.—*Bill Greenhorn*—has a cottage near town—do in summer—good cake house.

Mem.—The authour of the Essays—get orders—Mrs. Plausible loves a play—amuses wife and children.

Mem.—*Bob Useful*—a good-natured fellow—rather soft—a good errand-boy.

Mem.—*Mr. Broadcloth*—the tailor—gives long credit—shall employ him—good bail upon an occasion.

Mem.—*Peter Punster*—ask him to dinner with the next party.

Mem.—*Bob Chorus*—sings a good song—will do when he's wanted.

Mem.—*Sam Quibble*—a lawyer—as little to do with him as possible.

Mem.—*Abram Splintext*—the parson—likes good living—not much use to any body.

Mem.—Peter Gallipot—employ him as seldom as possible, and always throw away his physick.

I had scarcely finished these entertaining and liberal memorandums, when the man of the world entered, as I was putting the card out of my hand: he did not appear at all confused at what he beheld, but very kindly relieved me from *my* embarrassment by taking up the tablet of *Mems.* that now lay on the table, and, putting it into my hand, "There," cried he, "look at this, 'twill amuse ye infinitely; you see I'm a bit of an authour; most of them family likenesses. My dear fellow, what would I give for your talents, that I might distinguish and honour the good, and ridicule and satirise the bad. I think you could write a most excellent lampoon. I venerate a man of letters. Will you dine with us?" This torrent of flattery and falsehood almost overcame me; and it was with some difficulty that I rose up to take my leave; which I managed to do, but not without the following reproof on my lips: "Sir, we are placed here, children of the same parent, tenants of the same soil, united by the same principles of society. Let our lot be cast where it may, high or low, rich or poor, we have certain duties to exercise and fulfil in life, which should be perfectly reciprocal. Nature and Reason enforce this reciprocity for the benefit of all; and it is only the bad man who attempts to make an undue or unfair use of the property of others, be it in talents or riches: the man who only *makes use* of his neighbour for his own advantage, convenience, or pleasure, is no better than a pickpocket, who amuses you in conversation while he steals your purse. You are at liberty, Sir, (continued I) to *make use* of these observations when and where you please."—"That I will, my dear fellow, (replied Mr. Plausible, with an audacious smile) the very first opportunity. Good morning, my dear Scribble; upon my soul I'm much obliged to you."

Such was the character of Mr. Plausible; and it will not, perhaps, be amiss to point out in this place, for the service of the inexperienced, the best means of guarding against the specious appearances and pretensions of a man so well qualified to deceive.

The only safe rule by which we may detect the impostor is, to appreciate his moral and religious character; not as he represents it himself, nor even as he is represented by others; but to watch carefully the tenor of his conduct, his every-day appearance, when he throws down the mask in moments of inadvertence, pride or passion; these accidental surprises will sometimes betray him, and lay open the true sentiments of his heart. Thus much is certain, that if no moral principles or precepts of religion direct his conduct to his neighbours, he is dangerous to society, and in no wise to be trusted.

Sir Roger L'Estrange observes, that there never was a hypocrite so disguised, but he had some mark or other yet to be known by: but it is not easy to discover the heart of a man who has power to suppress every feeling, and govern every passion.

Let, however, the accomplished hypocrite have the full powers of fascination, we have one sure method of avoiding the danger of his conversation; and that is, in all our dealings to separate the man, his manners, his talents, his persuasion, entirely from the argument, and consider the facts simply as they are, without reference to any thing incidental. Strip his discourse of the dress that it wears, and truth will come forward in an unquestionable shape.

Let us now take a view of the condition of the man of the world, and we shall find him in a state of the most wretched uneasiness, labouring under the painful task of continued restraint and caution, and subjected to repeated apprehensions and fears from the badness of his title to respect and esteem. If his expedients fail, he is without consolation; if his true character be discovered, he is without a friend.

How different is the situation of the man of integrity! honest and sincere in his views and intentions, his countenance is the index of his heart, and his language a declaration of its dictates: he knows that truth has the strongest claims to regard, and trusts, for support, to the justness of his cause: such a man seldom suffers from the want of success, because he seldom raises his expectations, to undue heights. But, as he is unambitious, is seldom disappointed: ingenuous, and unreserved, he readily associates with his fellow-creatures without interested designs; and, like the good man described by the psalmist, performs his promise though to his loss. This man doubts not, hesitates not, what he ought to do: convinced that honesty is the best policy, he comes forward in open day-light; and, let him meet what obstacles he may, ultimately gains the victory over fraud and imposition; enjoying in this world the blessing of a self-approving heart, and looking forward with humble confidence to a better.

(*To be continued*)

VARIETY.

In the rough blast heaves the billow,
In the light air waves the willow;
Every thing of moving kind
VARIES with the veering wind:
What have I to do with thee,
Dull, unjoyous Constancy?

Sombre tale, and satire witty,
Sprightly glee, and doleful ditty,
Measur'd sighs, and roundelay,
Welcome all! BUT DO NOT STAY.
What have I to do with thee,
Dull, unjoyous Constancy?

Lady Montague relates, in her sprightly manner, one mode of passing her time in the decline of life. The result of her literary labour, we believe, is almost unprecedented. To write historical pages, to be conscious that they were composed elegantly and accurately, and then to throw them habitually into the fire, is what the self-complacency of an authour would rarely permit.

You will confess my employment much more trifling than yours, when I own to you that my chief amusement is writing the history of my own time: It has been my fortune to have a more exact knowledge both of the persons and facts that have made the greatest figure in England in this age, than is common; and I take pleasure in putting together what I know, with an impartiality that is altogether unusual: distance of time and place has totally blotted from my mind all traces either of resentment or prejudice: and I speak with the same indifference of the Court of Great Britain as I should do of that of Augustus Cæsar. I hope you have not so ill opinion of me to think I am turning authour in my old age. I can assure you I regularly burn every quire, as soon as it is finished, and mean nothing more than to divert my solitary hours. I know mankind too well to think they are capable of receiving truth, much less of applauding it; or, were it otherwise, applause to me is as insignificant as garlands on the dead.

WOMAN.

The bashful lover sues in vain
The favours of the fair to gain;
He, that would feast upon the bliss
Of his mistress' honied kiss,
Must dare to hope, and cease to languish
With dull despair, the nurse of anguish;
Must bid adieu to bashfulness
And boldly learn his suit to press;
And if in vain his oft-urg'd pray'r
Impetuous clasp the struggling fair,
And gently force the joy denied,—
Nor think that she will ever chide.
For oh! how soft is woman framed!
How soon with Love's fierce fires enflamed!
She flies, yet flying hopes the swain
Quickly her footsteps will detain!
Denies, yet hopes while she denies
That he will boldly snatch the prize;
Struggles, yet struggling lets him see
She hopes to lose the victory.

TO LOVE.

Scarce can the sweets of love repay,
Though gathered in their freshest bloom,
His toil, who sighs the live-long day
Nor ceases with the midnight gloom.

And though more pleasing after pain
The long-expected bliss may be,
No wish have I, O Love, to gain
Such hardly-earn'd felicity.

Let others in delay find charms—
But may the nymph, whose chains I wear,
After short service bless my arms,
Nor doom me to a length of prayer.

And if with am'rous toil oppress'd
Our glutted appetites shall cloy,
To give our loves a higher zest
Not in fierce storms we'll seek alloy;

But with feign'd coyness, sweet disdain,
And playful wars we'll mix our blisses,
And then unite our hearts again
In a long truce of melting kisses.

—

Dr. JOHNSON has been blamed by all the snivelling retainers of the *faction*, for the spirit of the ensuing observations on the character of certain of the British Princes. No matter. To be blamed by the weak and malevolent, and hypocritical, is the highest praise. We subscribe fully to the truth of the following opinions, which are not less justly than forcibly expressed.

Charles II was licentious in his practice; but he always had *a reverence for what was good*. Charles II *knew his people* and *rewarded merit*. The *Church* was at no time better filled than in his reign. He was the best King we have had from his time till the reign of his present Majesty, except James II, who was a *very good King*, but unhappily believed that it was necessary for the salvation of his subjects that they should be Roman Catholicks. *He* had the merit of endeavouring to do what he thought was for the salvation of his subjects, till he lost a great empire. *We*, who thought that we should *not* be saved, if we were Roman Catholicks, had the merit of maintaining our religion at the expense of submitting ourselves to the government of King William, to the government of *one of the most worthless scoundrels that ever existed*. No, Charles II was not such a man as George I. He did not destroy his father's will. He did not betray those over whom he ruled. He did not let the French fleet pass ours. George I knew nothing, and desired to know nothing; did nothing and desired to do nothing; and the only good thing that is told of him is that "he wished to restore the crown to its heriditary successour.

He then roared with prodigious violence against George II.

—

TO IOLA.

Oh! let us love, my charming fair,
Oh, let us love! time hastes away—
Less swift the dart through liquid air
To pierce the panther cleaves its way.

Too soon, alas! that bloom will fade!
Soon droops the rose of youth and dies!
Soon will rude age those charms invade
And dim the lustre of those eyes!

Lovely at eve the sun declines,
While streaks of gold his vest adorn;
Yet lovelier in the East he shines,
With brighter radiance hails the morn:

The wintry storms' resistless power
Of spring's gay verdure robs the trees,
But soon returns the vernal hour,
And mid fresh foliage strays the breeze:

Not so returns our youthful bloom;
Beauty ne'er greets a second May;
Nor e'er to Death's cold cheerless gloom
Succeeds the blissful warmth of day.

Below in Pluto's dreary reign,
Oblivion quenches Love's bright fires;
And wanton Cupid's smiling train
From Stygian caverns far retires.

Oh! then while storms are far away;
Or e'er 'tis nipp'd by wintry sleets,
Oh! let us pluck, while yet we may,
The rose of love, and taste its sweets.

While Cupid's gentle wars we wage,
Our hearts with mutual warmth shall glow,
We'll scorn the tales of babbling Age,
That envies joys it cannot know.

Oh! let us love, my charming fair,
Oh, let us love! time hastes away—
Less swift the dart through liquid air
To pierce the panther cleaves its way.

—

The editors of the London Monthly Magazine, a work conducted in general upon principles opposed to those of a loyal university, thus speak of the Oxford Review: "The plan of the new Oxford Review is so far matured that its appearance was announced for the first of January last. At a time when Reviews have become the mere engines of personal calumny, and the ordinary vehicles for the most impudent libels, we cannot too emphatically congratulate the literary world on the publication of a new Cri-

tical Journal, which from *its locality* must be distinguished by independence, good manners, integrity, and sound learning. In justification of our eulogy on this Journal, we shall cite the sketch of its plan, as published by those concerned in its management. It will be orthodox and loyal.

The contents of the first number will best bespeak the *variety*, the *completeness*, the *novelty*, and the *promptitude* which it is intended shall supereminently characterize this new critical Journal.

Contents of No. I.

Theology. Van Mildert's Bolean Lectures; Vaughan's Address; Chateaubriand's Demonstration; Cambridge's Charge; Burgess's Posthumous Sermons; Proud's Unitarian Doctrine refuted; Cox's Address to Dissenters.

Jurisprudence. Lawes on Civil Actions; Abridgment of Nisi Prius; Plowden's Law of Tythings.

Medicine. Willan on Vaccine Inoculation; Arnold on Insanity.

Philology. Salmon's Evenings at Southill.

Biography. Life of Washington; Memoirs of Hutchinson; Napoleon and the French People.

Archæology. The Archæologia, Vol. XV.

Voyages and Travels. Helm's Travels.

Trade and Commerce. Young's West-India Common Place Book.

The Drama. The Vindictive Man; Dimond's Adrian and Orrila; Hook's Tekeli.

Novels and Romances. Lewis's Feudal Tyrants; Armstrong's Anglo-Saxons.

Poetry. Scott's Ballads; Herbert's Miscellaneous Poetry.

Political Economy. Jarrold's Dissertations on Man.

Rural Economy. Loudon's Treatise on Country Residences, &c.

Miscellanies. Maddocks's Letter; Waddington's Letter to Tierney; Styles's Essay on the Stage; The Farmer's Account Book; Coad's Plan of Taxation.

FOREIGN LITERATURE.

Turkey. Ahmed Vassiff Effendi on the Monuments and Truths of Historical Memoirs.

Spain. Curso di Quimaca general applicada a las Artes.

Germany. Statistischen Umriss der Sämmtlichen Europäischen Staaten.

Holland. Verhandeling over den Infloed, &c.; Bibliotheca Critica.

France. Lettres inedites de Mirabeau; Histoire des Guerres des Gaulois et des Francois en Italie; Lettres sur le Valais, &c.; La Columbe Messagère; Tableau Synoptique des Minéraux; Des Rapports de la Medicine avec la Politique; Voyage en Italie et en Sicile, &c.

—

THE POST CAPTAIN.

When Steerwell heard me first impart
  Our brave commander's story,
With ardent zeal his youthful heart
  Swell'd high for naval glory,
Resolv'd to gain a valiant name,
  For bold adventures eager,
When first a little cabin boy, on board the Fame,
  He would hold on the jigger,
When ten jolly tars, with musical Joe,
Hove the anchor a-peak, singing, yeo! heave, yeo! yeo!

To hand top-gallant sails next he learn'd
  With quickness, care, and spirit,
Whose generous master then discern'd,
  And priz'd his dawning merit.
He taught him soon to reef and steer,
  When storms convuls'd the ocean:
Where shoals made skilful vet'rans fear,
  Which mark'd him for promotion.
As none to the pilot e'er answer'd like he,
When he gave the command, Hard a port! helm a lee!
Luff, boy, luff! keep her near!
Clear the buoy, make the pier!
None to the pilot e'er answer'd like he,
When he gave the command in the port, or at sea! Hard a port! helm a lee!

For valour, skill, and worth renown'd,
  The foe he oft defeated;
And now, with fame and fortune crown'd,
  Post Captain he is rated.
Who, should our injur'd country bleed,
  Still bravely would defend her;
Now blest with peace, if beauty plead,
  He'll prove his heart as tender.
Unaw'd, yet mild to high and low,
To poor and wealthy, friend or foe;
Wounded tars share his wealth—
All the fleet drink his health—
Priz'd be such hearts, for aloft they will go,
Which always are ready compassion to show
To a brave conquered foe.

—

Homer, as dressed out by Madame Dacier, has more of the Frenchman in his appearance than of the old Grecian. His beard is close shaved, his hair is powdered, and there is even a litte *rouge* on his cheek. To speak more intelligibly, his simple and nervous diction is often wire-drawn into a feeble and flashy paraphrase, and his imagery as well as harmony sometimes annihilated by abbreviation: nay, to make him the more modish, the

good lady is at pains to patch up his style with unnecessary phrases, and flourishes in the French taste, which have just such an effect in a translation of Homer as a bag-wig and snuff-box would have in a picture of Achilles.

—

A celebrated French translator of Demosthenes makes the orator address his countrymen not with the manly simplicity of *Ye men of Athens*, but by the Gothick title of *Gentlemen*, which is as real burlesque and almost as great an anachronism as that passage of Prior, where *Protogenes's maid* invites *Apelles* to *drink tea*.

MERRIMENT.

A gentleman, who was well known to be fond of his bottle or two, said, one day, after having drank pretty freely, "the wine is very thick."—"No, no," said a friend, "it is *you* are too thick with the wine."

—

As a pressgang, during last winter, were patroling round Smithfield, they laid hold of a man tolerably well dressed, who pleaded that being a gentleman, he was not liable to be impressed. "Haul him along!" cried one of the tars, "he is the very man we want. We press a great many blackguards, and we are much at a loss for some one to teach them good manners."

—

A certain smatterer in letters being one day at a coffee-house, took it into his head to abuse all the modern literati, observing, that there was very little wit, humour, or learning, in the present age. Some time after, Dr. Hays came into the room, when a gentleman told him how his neighbour had been abusing the *moderns*. "I have not the least doubt but he would have likewise abused the ancients," said he, "had he known their names."

—

A facetious canon of Windsor taking his evening's walk, as usual, into the town, met one of his vicars at the castle gate, returning home rather elevated by a glass too much of his neighbour's port. "So, sir, whence came you?" said the canon. "Why," said the vicar, "I have indeed been *spinning* it out with my friend." "Aye," returned the canon; "and now you are *reeling* it home, I see."

—

A nobleman, coming down in the summer to his country-seat, was talking familiarly with his butler: "And how have you been," said he, "since we left you?" Why, my lord," replied he, "I have been pretty well lately; but, for near two months in the winter, I had a very dreadful ague at your lordship's service."

—

An Irishman having bought a sheep's head, had been to a friend for a direction to dress it. As he was returning, repeating the method, and holding the purchase under his arm, a dog snatched it, and ran away. "Now, my dear joy," said the Irishman, "what a fool you make of yourself! What use will it be to you, as you dont know how it is to be dressed?"

—

A poor labourer, having been obliged to undergo the operation of having his leg cut off, was charged sixteen-pence by the sexton for burying it. The poor fellow applied to the rector for redress, who told him, he could not relieve him at that time; but that he should certainly consider it in his fees, when the rest of his body came to be buried.

TO READERS AND CORRESPONDENTS.

We are perfectly well pleased with the politicks of S——e. His scope is utility, his reasoning candid and his objects generous, liberal and manly. The plan he has adopted will unquestionably terminate in the publick weal. In pursuing so laudable a design, the sole means he employs are those of argument and persuasion, the only lawful means TO ROUSE AN INDOLENT, TO INFORM A DECEIVED, TO RECLAIM A CORRUPT, OR TO RECONCILE A DIVIDED PEOPLE.

Any information will be gratefully received, respecting the authour of the

American versions from Anacreon, recently published in this paper.

We have often been so fortunate by obtaining, in this manner, for *ourselves*, curious books or pamphlets that we are confident we shall not be less successful, in thus soliciting literary aid for *others*. A liberal scholar, on the front list of our friends, who is dedicating his talents, a portion of his time, and all his zeal to the advancement of eloquence, in this country, is anxious to obtain the pleadings and speeches in the famous Ely and Anglesey causes. The gentlemen of the Bar, who are never tardy to oblige the Editor, will gratify him, and benefit his friend, by imparting the desired information.

Gentlemen, who are careful to preserve political papers and pamphlets, will confer an obligation on the Editor, by indicating or addressing to him such of the speeches of the late Earl of Sandwich as are copiously reported, together with the Younger Lyttleton's famous speech on the Quebec bill. This, it is believed, is extremely scarce, though the editor well remembers to have read it with vast delight many years ago. It is a quarto pamphlet, and we found it, by a sort of miracle, in the state of New-Hamshire! This accomplished nobleman, *of hereditary abilities*, delivered, with his wonted grace and energy, several speeches on the affairs of Ireland and America. In the decline of life, and, indeed, only two days before his death, Lord Lyttleton, though his body was afflicted and his mind depressed by one of the most excruciating maladies, that overpower the fortitude of man, pronounced in full Parliament one of the most brilliant, energetick, animated, and argumentative orations, that was ever hearkened to, with conviction and delight, in any deliberative assembly. All these speeches it is extremely desirable to obtain, as speedily as possible; and we anticipate that we shall be successful in the pursuit of them, by the aid of the literary virtuoso, the remembering politician, or the curious collector.

From a gentleman not a thousand miles from Boston, we were promised many moons ago, with communications for this paper. As we are fully conscious of the vigour of the bow, we hope the *archer* will take his *effectual aim* speedily.

Our correspondent "N," of the South, is thanked most cordially for the highly interesting and elegant letter from Dr. Beattie. This valuable *original* we shall be very careful to preserve in The Port Folio. Nothing can be more correct than the sentiments, nothing more curious than the character, and nothing more pure and perspicuous than the style.

Our new correspondent, whose initial is P, and who, in our third speculation, had the post of honour assigned him, is thanked for his proffer, and solicited to proceed. We were particularly pleased with his remarks on a Swiss visionary, and on the *supposed* warfare between Love and Literature.

Hours of Leisure are very agreeable hours to the lovers of GOLDSMITH.

"J. S." and "K. T." fight like literary gladiators. With them every sentence is "either to ward, or to strike." Our *arena* is open to them, and the publick must adjust the merits of the controversy. No preference or partiality must be felt by the editor. He must regard with an equal eye Mendoza and Humphries, Big Ben or the Chicken.

A war song by an Indian poet and warriour, published in No. 3, together with an Address to an aged Beechen Tree, are derived from a collection of poems just published by Mr. Croswell at Hudson in the state of New-York. The authour is the late Mr. William Lake, a native of Pennsylvania, who died at the early age of eighteen. Many of the articles in the poetical legacy he has bequeathed us are proofs of his genius and sensibility. We shall from time to time make further extracts from the posthumous writings of

"This youth to fortune and to fame unknown."

The Jubilee Ode for the 13th of May contains some striking images of sylvan life, and some faithful pictures of Indian manners. Like most dithyrambicks, it is sometimes too abrupt, and sometimes obscure.

The authour of the Pains of Memory, and of many minor poems, which have already appeared, or which shall appear in this Journal, is respectfully thanked for his confidence in the editor, who thinks favourably of the Muse of memory. The best poem that the late Mr. Merry ever published, was unquestionably that of a similar title to our correspondent's. But although a foreigner has preoccupied the ground, he does not exclusively maintain it, and Talent and Industry still find new spots for cultivation and improvement, for ornament and use.

From the caterers of SALMAGUNDI we have the promise of some choice viands for our ordinary. We shall be careful to serve them up punctually to the literary epicure, and we expect to have our reward in hearing each guest at the banquet exclaim "This Oldschool *now* gives us no *mock* Turtle on Saturdays."

"Y" has nicely adjusted the claims of criticism; but a royal Academician and admirable poet, as well as a most accomplished painter, has unfolded the whole doctrine:

Give me the critick bred in *Nature's* school,
Who neither talks by rote, nor thinks by rule;
Who Feeling's honest dictates still obeys,
And dares, without a precedent, to praise;
Whose hardy taste the bigot crowd disclaims,
That chorus catalogues, and worship names;
Unbiass'd still, to Merit fondly turns,
Regardless *where* the FLAME of GENIUS burns,
Whether through Time's long gloom transmitted bright,
Or pours a later lustre on the sight,
From Rome's proud dome it darts a beam divine
Or bursts spontaneous from a Cornish mine.

"Annius" is invited to write with frequency. The ladies are of opinion that his verses are soft, melodious, and pleasing, and the Editor, on this occasion, is not disposed to dissent from the ladies.

The slattern style of "Phebe" induces us to believe that she is a sister to

Corinna, pride of Drurylane,
For whom no shepherd sighs in vain.

The translation of a letter, written in the Italian language, and addressed to the celebrated Alfieri, who is described very favourably by Henry Mackenzie, will interest all who are partial to the genius of the first tragick writer of his country. Among our friends several read Italian with fluency and ease. We should be happy to obtain from B. in particular, a biographical memoir of this dramatick writer.

The authour of the elegant and instructive article of criticism published in this day's paper, in which certain productions of the late J. G. Cooper, Esq. are minutely analysed, is an English gentleman of good taste and various literature, to whom we have often been indebted for ingenious speculations. Our occasional violation of the laws of rigid method, and periodical punctuality in bringing forward his essays, is not voluntary, but is occasioned by the very nature of a work like The Port Folio. We have various claims of precedence to settle and numerous claimants to satisfy. Our foreign correspondent however may be assured, that however the publication of his works may be delayed, we always peruse them with pleasure, and whether he directs his attention to the Muses of the east or the west, whether he gives his days to politicks or his nights to sonnets and songs, we shall always accompany him with cheerfulness in his literary excursions.

The Price of The Port Folio is Six Dollars per annum, to be paid in advance.

Published for the Editor at the N. East Corner of Second in Dock-Street, Philadelphia

PRINTED BY SMITH & MAXWELL, NO. 28, NORTH SECOND STREET.